GRACE GOLDEN.

r looking wonderingly at him.
about for a means of deliver-

terous leaving me alone this
d with the air of an injured

he very large word seemed so
r as he would at a museum

and told me to wait for her in
ink it's diabolical."

till more emphatically: "I

of this remark, edged along,
t, drew it caressingly across
evances.
asm.
ou."
gusted.
they are beginning to pall

ings?"
uncle's; and then I don't get
iece of money."
h for an uncle like that."

es and candies, and all sorts
u know. But mamma says
s won't get things, and she's

wered Brigham with an air of

real live man—a nice old man

this young person conveyed the idea o
Marcella was uncompromising, so he
"Would you please turn around a
clothes? There's a photograph and a
desperately.
Marcella obediently turned aroun
cream once more.
"Confound it! I won't catch Bar
go somewhere—somewhere."
At this juncture there was a soun
Brigham looked around from the wash
to the wall and hidden in her hands, th
tion, was having a quiet, but heart-bro
Brigham stopped with the towel ha
up one eye effectually.
He was accustomed to stage "wee
his heart was touched clear down deep
"Why, what is it? Come here 'T
"Tottles" didn't come; she only
took her up in his arms, and sat down,
tles" on the other, still blinking energe
"Didn't your mother come?" he a
"No," sobbed the child as soon as
trying to find her, and everybody's go
"Great Scott! Is it so late as tha
"It's lonesome in there, and Tim
afraid, and—I—I want mamma," and
the little flushed face.
"Well, now, never mind. Just wa
we'll find her."
Manlike, Brigham would have mad
of tears.
"Oh, will you?"
Marcella stopped weeping and th
She laid her soft, teary cheek close a
strength.
Brigham experienced a new sensat
feeling of an arm about his neck or a c
or when the caress was purchased with
tact, the appeal for protection and sym
innocent roseleaf of humanity, lighte
whose very existence he had forgotte
fires were beautiful and pure enough t
virgin. He was touched so deeply that
he pressed the child tenderly to his he
his dressing.
As he got into the very correctly c
he thought hard.
"Suppose poor little Perry has ha
self. Something must be up."
"Let me have your stocking," call
He threw her a sock, wondering w
"I'm going to hang it up, 'cause y
don't go to your uncle's," she said gra
dressing shelf.
"Now don't look," and she slippe
pled parcel.
"Now, then, we'll go. Why, you
said suddenly, as they reached the sta
So back they went to the deserted d
novel sensation in hunting among fem
and dressing the child for the street.
Once outside, he said:
"Now, tell me where you live, so